ARNOLD HILLER

TOUGH SLEDDING -
BUT HE'S WINNING OUT!

Lovewell, Reinette

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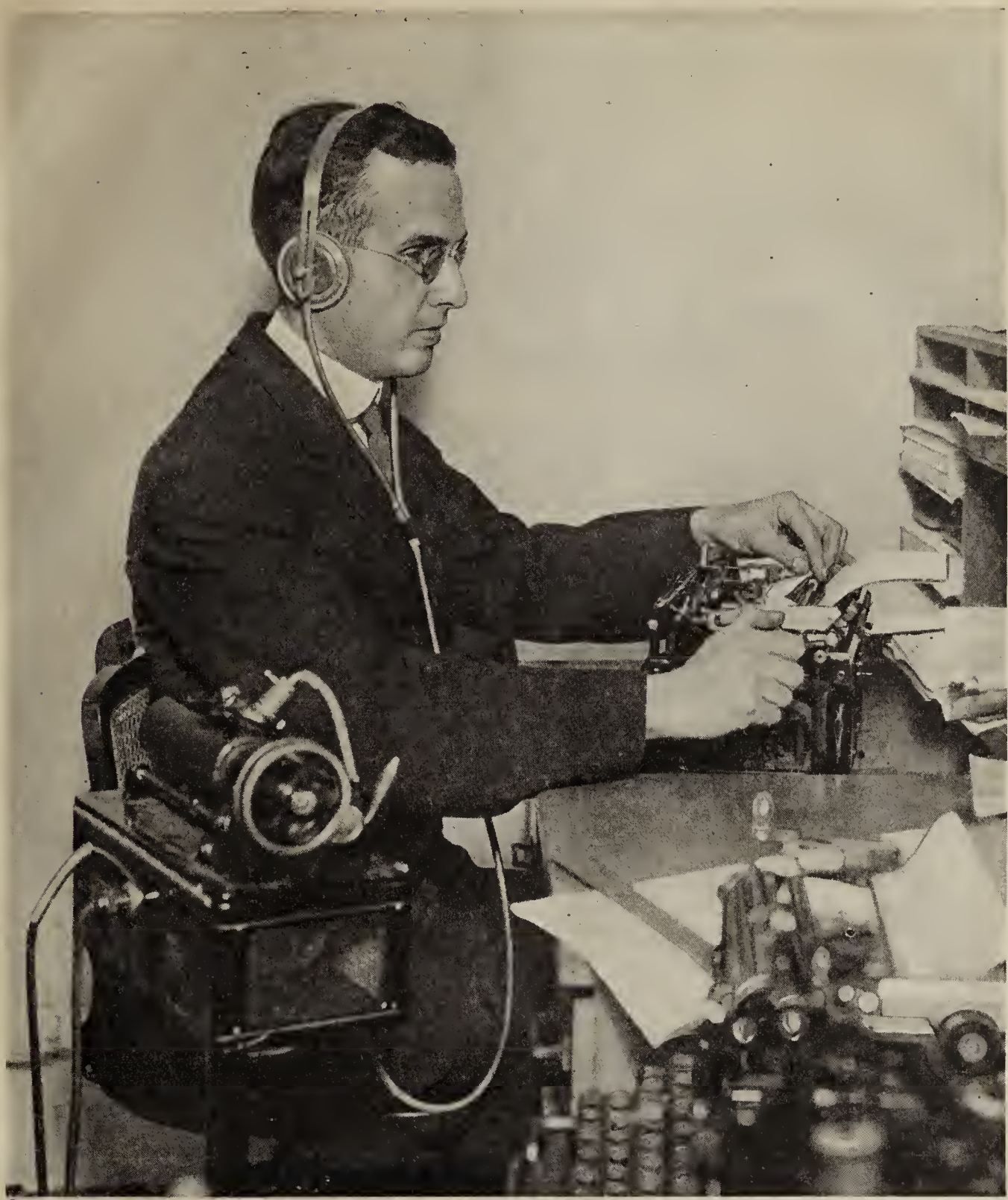
Tough Sledding—But He's Winning Out!



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ARNOLD HILLER

Who, just after leaving college, lost his eyes in an explosion. He had prepared himself to be an engineer, but he had to give that up. He refused to be downed, however. After learning a new trade he has got a job—and is earning a living

ONE December forenoon in 1913, a tall, brown-eyed young man walked out of a farmhouse in Kingston, New York, and sauntered on back of the barn, where rocks were being blasted. He had worked his way through Syracuse University, become a civil engineer, and had just finished a contract in the West. Around Christmas time he was back to see his folks.

His mother, busy in the kitchen, heard an explosion—the explosion of a charge set with a slow fuse that in an instant made the young engineer blind for the rest of his life.

Accidents happen that way. It's all over in a minute, there's no time to think—not till afterward. And the thinking Arnold Hiller has done since he was led back to the house with his sight gone has put him back on the pay roll, made him able to earn his living again.

When the doctors and hospitals were through with him, young Hiller had to take up the problem of what to do with the rest of his life. How was he ever to earn anything again? *Could* he earn a living, without sight, and with the kind of training that did not fit him for sitting still and using his fingers instead of his eyes?

It was a question that kept sleep from him night after night, that left him white and unstrung.

The first thing to do was to learn some of the things other blind people have taught themselves to do; so he went to Batavia, where the State of New York has a school for boys who cannot see. They were little chaps, most of them. *They* had never been out in the world tackling real, man-sized jobs, as Hiller had done. But he lived with them and studied with them, learned how to read Braille and memorize the keyboard of a typewriter.

There was an old dictaphone at Batavia which fascinated him. He knew that in some offices the correspondence was handled through records, and the first time he had a chance he asked the State Commission for the Blind if there was any way for him to get practical training in that sort of thing. They told him that a man in Brooklyn, a Mr. Charles B. Hayes, was using a trust fund to help blind people become self-supporting. They understood he had obtained some wonderful results from putting blind men at the transcription of dictaphone records.

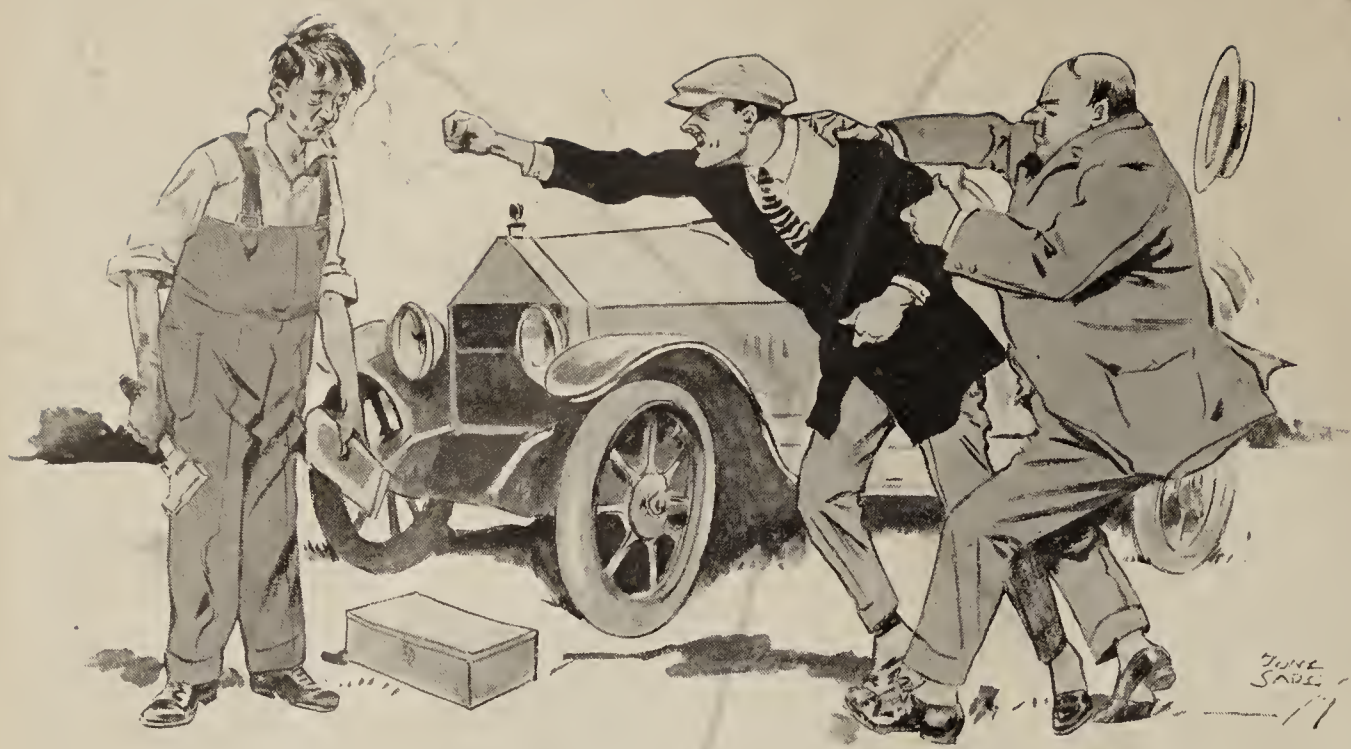
Arrangements were made for Hiller to go to Brooklyn. He settled down in a rooming house with strangers, and Mr. Hayes sent a guide to take him to his meals at a restaurant and to and from the class in typewriting.

For nine months he kept writing out what he heard from the voices that came to him through the transmitter fastened about his head. He learned to know every time he made a mistake, and did the whole page over. When you cannot see, there is no such thing as rubbing out errors with an eraser.

After a while he made hardly any mistakes, but turned out page after page of perfect typewriting. It began to look as if he were ready for a job.

Down in one of the canyons of lower Broadway a big company, dealers in stocks and bonds, has its offices. Some of the work is handled by means of dictaphone records.

Mr. Hayes and Mr. Hiller went there one day and applied for a position. There is not supposed to be much sentiment down Wall Street way, where money is



Alex makes a dash for him, but I held him back—

Alex, "a feller which knows so much about automobiles that he could take a pair of pliers and a lug wrench and go clear to 'Frisco with nothin' else!"

"Not even a car, eh? *Some* mechanic!" I says.

"Be still!" says the wife. "Well, Alex, I certainly hope you have all kinds of luck. Let me know how you make out, will you?"

"Sure!" I tells her. "Call up police headquarters in about an hour and you'll prob'ly be able to get all the details, right off the blotter."

We go outside and there's the Gaflooey chummy roadster leanin' right up against the curb. It looked like it might be a regular automobile when it grew up, but just then it seemed like it had been snatched from the cradle before its features was fully formed. Two of them roadsters would of made a nice pair of roller skates, and the expense for tires must of been practically nothin', because the ones that was on it looked like a set of washers. The body was painted yellah and the trimmin's was in Alice blue and catsup red.

In the front seat is this guy which Alex claimed was the world's greatest mechanic. You could see that at a glance, anyhow, because he was dressed in a pair of overalls that had lasted him ever since he first broke into the automobile game, and he carried about three quarts of medium oil on his face and hands.

Alex nudges the mechanic. "This here's my cousin," he tells him. "He ain't a bad feller in spite of that." He turns around to me. "Joe," he says, "I want you to meet Eddie Worth, the best man on gas engines that ever burnt his hands on an exhaust pipe!"

"Greetings, Eddie!" I says, shakin' hands with him and gettin' a half pound of grease for nothin'.

"Gimme a cigarette!" answers Eddie. "I been waitin' here an hour for youse guys. The motor is prob'ly all cold now and the starter may gimme an argument."

He gets out and monkeys around the front of the car.

"Ain't it nice and roomy back here?" Alex asks me.

I moved my knees away from my chin so's I could talk.

"Great!" I says. "Only the Gaflooey people is liable to get in trouble on account of them coppin' the design from somebody else."

"What d'ye mean?" he asks me, lookin' puzzled.

"Well," I tells him, "you gotta admit that the seatin' arrangements back here is a dead steal from a can of sardines!"

At this critical moment, the mechanic gets down on his hands and knees in the street and begins to worry the car like a dog with a bone. Then all of a sudden he crawls underneath it and disappears from the public eye. A lot of shippin' clerks, bookkeepers, salesgirls, brokers, lawyers, and the like, on their way down-town to their jobs, figures that you can go to work any day, but an auto bein' fixed calls for immediate attention, and gets around us in a circle. This seemed to get Alex's goat, but it was huckleberry pie to the mechanic. He crawls out from under, rolls up his sleeves, ruffles his hair, looks over the crowd and rubs his hands together.

"Gimme a cigarette," he says, "and reach down in that tool box there and hand me up them pliers, a couple of S wrenches, the hammer and a screwdriver."

The crowd sighs with delight, but Alex leaps off the seat like they was bees in the upholstery.

"What d'ye want all them there tools for?" he yells. "Stop this monkey business, I'm an hour late now! What's the matter with the car?"

The mechanic looks around at the crowd and shakes his head pityin'ly. They give Alex the laugh, and a manicure tells her friend that if she was the mechanic she wouldn't bother with it, but would make Alex fix it himself for gettin' so bold.

"What's the matter with the car?" repeats the mechanic, waggin' his head from side to side with a sarcastic movement; "it's been abused, that's all! I ain't had time to go over it carefully; it'll have to be towed down to the shop where we can git it up on jacks and take it apart. I found a leak in the radiator, the bolts is missin' from the muffler, (*Continued on page 74*)

"How did you like me?" smiles Margot

bartered like the potatoes and chickens in Washington Market, a few blocks over toward the river: people are hired to do certain work in a certain time, and to do it well.

"If you can do the work," the man who hired operators said in reply.

Hiller *has* done the work. The desk they gave him for a try-out is still his. It is nearly a year now since he received his first pay envelope—emblem of victory over an appalling circumstance. He can pay his own way in the world again.

A guide takes him from his room in Brooklyn, under the river to the Wall Street station, up through the subway kiosk, and to the great gray building where he is employed—*under just the same conditions as the other men and girls who have desks alongside of his.*

He had to learn how to spell all sorts of strange names by hearing them repeated by the record. He had to learn to distinguish voices, voices that rushed like a whirlwind sometimes, voices that were hoarse with a cold, or even stuttered a bit once in a while. Many of his letters are more than a page of single spacing, and they must be done without error. His work is not all letters, for he does tabulating, a task cordially hated by many a young stenographer.

Mr. Hiller knows how a few people in Brooklyn and New York look. They are old friends and neighbors from "up-state." There is the Girl-from-Home, who has known him all her life, and who came down to New York and got a job, so as to be near. But most of the multitude are just Voices.

If the blast had not burned away his sight that December day in Kingston, Arnold Hiller might have been a great engineer, and might have earned much money. But then he would not have made everybody who knows him ashamed of discouragement—as he does now.

REINETTE LOVEWELL

A Physical Marvel At 73

COLONEL JAMES L. SMITH is a veteran of the Civil War. He is seventy-three years old; he lives in Detroit and never misses a day from his desk in one of the city's big automobile plants. Army surgeons have pronounced him "a physical specimen without a parallel," because:

He runs, or walks, five miles as a minimum, and ten miles as a maximum, every day.

That is his understanding of the secret of his youth. He doesn't claim that it is the secret for other people necessarily—but it is the secret for him.

Detroiters no longer turn their heads when they see this white-haired man come running down the streets. At seventy-three, he can run ten miles in seventy-five minutes. At seventy-three, he can sprint faster that the average youth of seventeen or nineteen. His daily work consists of directing the duties of two dozen messengers. These messengers range, in age, from fifteen to twenty years. There isn't one who would attempt to outsprint the veteran.

Twenty years ago Colonel Smith weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. Physicians warned him against excitement. Fatty tissue was fast accumulating about his heart, he was told, and the doctors feared to prescribe a course of exercises because of advancing age.

"How would it be if I started running it off?" questioned Colonel Smith.

The doctors threw up their hands. They were amused.

"You must not think of such a thing," they agreed. "At your age—"

They paused, significantly.

But Colonel Smith was not satisfied. He believed in himself. He believed in his own ability to reduce flesh as a younger man would take it off, and so he started to run a few miles each morning. This required a deal of effort for a big man, but perseverance was demanded also, and perseverance won out. In about six months he weighed less than one hundred and ninety pounds, and he was running more than six miles daily.

It was on a Sunday morning that he met one of the physicians who had advised against the self-imposed treatment.

"Colonel Smith, some day you are going

COLONEL JAMES L. SMITH

Who, at seventy-three, can run ten miles in seventy-five minutes. His case is an interesting one to study. He seems to have found the secret of youth as far

years cannot punish his heart and lungs as you are doing, and not suffer."

"But I am not breathing hard and I've been running more than five miles this morning," came the protest.

"I don't care about that. I'm telling you to stop. If you don't, I will warn your family. Perhaps its members will have more influence than I."

The doctor turned and walked rapidly down the street toward the Smith home, while the runner speeded up and went in an opposite direction. That morning Colonel Smith carried his test into ten miles and he came back strong and far from being winded.

The family was waiting anxiously at the door. The doctor had been there and had frightened them with his professional talk.

"Father," said one of the colonel's daughters, "you will simply have to stop running. The doctor has been here and has told us you were going to drop dead on one of these trips. He warned us to stay at home any time you went out. You might need us in a hurry," she added.

Colonel Smith smiled and attempted to silence their fears. But finally their pleadings prevailed. He stopped running.

EIGHT years passed. Colonel Smith had taken on flesh again. Shortness of breath was bothering him and he appealed to his family physician.

"Well, you're getting along in years," consoled the doctor. "You cannot expect to retain your youthful efficiency."

"Doctor," said Colonel Smith, getting up from his chair, "do you remember you frightened my family into stopping my running eight or ten years ago?" The doctor nodded. The colonel continued: "I want to tell you something now. I'm going to start again. I stopped against my own convictions, and I don't want you to go to my family and tell them. I don't want them to know. If I need you I will summon you."

That night Colonel Smith began running once more. Slowly at first, but increasing his pace and his distance, he took off weight without his family knowing how he was doing it. He began to feel better, and within two years he had reduced to one hundred and sixty pounds. He was in possession of new strength, greater stamina; his cheeks were ruddy, his step quick and firm. His eyes were clear, his chest was as sound as a college athlete's.

There came the night when he sought out his old friend, the doctor. He waited his turn in the office and when he stepped through the door the physician looked up in amazement.

"Colonel Smith!" he exclaimed.

The veteran smiled and the physician ran practiced hands over the other's chest, over his biceps, down his limbs; he punched him in the wind.

Colonel Smith continued to smile.

"There must be something wrong," persisted the physician, as he yanked out a stethoscope and applied it to Colonel Smith's lungs. He listened carefully, going over them inch by inch. He found nothing wrong. He listened to the heart action. There was nothing wrong here. He applied a sphygmomanometer, testing the blood pressure. There was no hardening of the arteries, no broken veins, no flabby tissue—none of the things so commonly associated with age. That is how Colonel Smith shapes up to-day.

He says he will be running his ten miles daily at eighty. He has set out to prove that senility is a disease of the mind, that youth and all its vigor can be retained if a man but believes in himself.

He has raced in all parts of the country, and he has a standing offer to run any ten survivors of the great civil strife—race them in relays of one to a mile while he is running the ten. His offer used to be accepted. It isn't any more; at the Grand Army encampments of to-day Colonel Smith runs in exhibitions.

At seventy-three he has covered a half-mile faster than a roller skating champion could go over the full mile—this on a polished floor surface that made running hard and skating easy.

At seventy-three he can run a half-mile in two minutes and forty-four seconds.

At seventy-three, or, rather, on his seventy-third birthday, he stepped out, and on a dirt road (not a carefully prepared cinder track, mind you) he ran off ten miles in one hour fourteen minutes and forty-eight and four-fifths seconds, exactly the time he had run the distance in the Grand Army Marathon in Los Angeles six years before.

He finished, as at the Los Angeles Marathon, with the strength of sixteen rather than the feebleness of an added fifty-seven years. N. B. BEASLEY.

Pluck and a Bundle of Grandmother's Recipes

NINE years ago Mrs. Eva Duncan Kanevin was left a widow with a little daughter to support. Her only asset was a real ability to cook; her only legacy a bunch of remarkable recipes left her by her mother and grandmother.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Kanevin left the catering department of the Hotel Deming at Terre Haute, Indiana, the largest hotel in the state, to become manager of the catering department of the Blackstone Hotel in Omaha, Nebraska, at a salary of five thousand dollars a year. She is the only woman in the United States to hold such a position.

In taking stock of her equipment, Mrs. Kanevin decided that the one thing she could do perfectly was to cook and serve a meal. So she gathered up her recipes and went to Chicago.

The Quadrangle Club at the University of Chicago was in need of a manager. Mrs. Kanevin's ability to provide Southern beaten biscuit and Maryland fried chicken landed her the job. About a year later Mandel Brothers' big department store learned that the Quadrangle Club had a manager who could give a home flavor to cooking and knew how to manage servants. Mrs. Kanevin was given charge of the dining room at Mandel's.

of Chicago's loop district. The venture represented an investment of twenty-eight thousand dollars, and the furnishings, hangings, silverware and lighting effects were planned entirely by her.

In the summer of 1915, Manager W. A. Cochran of the Hotel Deming was looking for a woman who could take charge of the catering in his big hotel—one who could plan and arrange large entertainments. Mrs. Kanevin was persuaded to dispose of her Chicago business and go to Terre Haute.

Soon after her arrival in the Indiana city a local organization asked Mrs. Kanevin to serve a dinner for two hundred and seventy-five persons. Twenty hours before the banquet she was told to prepare for four hundred and fifty covers. This meant that all the decorations must be torn down and replanned, that orders for food stuffs must be wired to Chicago, that a staff of chefs must work all night. But the banquet was ready on the hour and perfect in all appointments. Mrs. Kanevin saw it through, received enthusiastic congratulations, then got her first sleep in twenty hours.

When a Terre Haute hostess wished to entertain, she simply told Mrs. Kanevin—then went home to plan her gown for the dinner or dance, certain that her decora-

into a pine forest, a Japanese garden, an Indian temple, and the result was sure to be delightful.

"There is no business field that offers greater opportunities to women than catering," Mrs. Kanevin believes. "I simply commercialized my grandmother's recipes and succeeded in the way men succeed—by not worrying. Most women do not know how to save themselves; they end a hard job with nervous prostration. I've learned to keep my head on my shoulders; to keep my sense of humor and to relax when off duty. I've saved myself in many an impossible situation by being able to laugh. I can lie down at any hour of the day and drop into a sound sleep. When I awake, an hour later, I'm refreshed and ready to tackle the job again.

"The trouble with many caterers is that they don't think beyond chicken salad and Thousand Island dressing. Women want distinction; they want their entertainment to be remembered for its unusualness. That, to my mind, is the reason why women should be particularly successful in this field. Entertaining and cooking are in their blood."

One of the arts Mrs. Kanevin has learned is that of picking competent heads for the different branches of her work. Her high desk stands where every order passes her

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TOUGH SLEDDING-BUT HE'S WINNING OUT!

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